

The Human Abstract.

Pity would be no more,
If we did not make somebody Poor;
And Mercy no more could be,
If all were as happy as we;
And mutual fear brings peace;
Till the selfish loves increase.
Then Cruelty waits a snare,
And spreads his baits with care.
He sits down with holy fears,
And waters the ground with tears;
Then Humility takes its root
Underneath his foot.
Soon spreads the dismal shade
Of Mystery over his head;
And the Caterpillar and Fly,
Feed on the Mystery.
And it bears the fruit of Deceit,
Ruddy and sweet to eat;
And the Raven his nest has made
In its thickest shade.
The Gods of the earth and sea,
Sought thro' Nature to find this Tree,
But their search was all in vain:
There grows one in the Human Brain.



Dream

Once a dream did weave a shade,
O'er my Angel-guarded bed,
That an Emmet lost its way
Where on grass methought I lay.
Troubled wilder and folorn,
Dark benighted travel-worn,
Over many a tangled spray,
All heart-broke I heard her say,
'O my children! do they cry,
Do they hear their father sigh,
Now they look abroad to see,
Now return and weep for me.
Pitying I drop'd a tear,
But I saw a glow-worm near:
Who replied, 'What wailing night
Calls the watchman of the night,
I am set to light the ground,
While the beetle goes his round,
Follow now the beetles hum,
Little wanderer hie thee home.'